Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars* in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his eneterprizes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Archbiſhops Grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore doe I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
That thou art like enough through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo,
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwaide
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from mee:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloody maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this ſame childe of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meete;
For euery honour ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhame redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict acco
That hee ſhall render euery glory v
Yea, euen the ſlightſt worſhip of
Or I will teare the reckoning from
This in the name of God I promiſe
The which if he be pleaſ'd, I ſhall per
I do beſeech your Maieſtie may ſal
The long growne wounds of my in
If not, the end of life cancels all ban
And I will dye an hundred thouſan
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of t

King. A hundred thouſand rebels
Thou ſhalt haue charge, and ſouer
How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks a

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines that I
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſen
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebe
The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Sh*
A mighty and a fearefull head they
(If promiſes bee kept on euery han
As euer offered foule play in a State

King. The Earle of *Weſtmerland*
With him my ſonne Lord *Iohn* of
For this aduertiſement is fiue daye
On Wedneſday next, *Harry*, thou ſ
On Thurſday, we our ſelues will ma
Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you ſhall
Through *Gloceſter ſhire*, by which a
Our buſines valued ſome twelue da
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth*
Our hands are full of buſines, let's
Aduantage feedes him fat, while m

Enter Falſtaffe and Ba

Fal. Bardoll, am I not fallen away
doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle
me like an old *Laies* looſe gowne.
apple *Iohn*. Well, ile repent, and t

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7